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*The Champagne of Bottle Beer*



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V.10 no.1  
1963/64



UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS  
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# Mass

# Hysteria



The Yahoos, like all the up-standing, religious people of this nation, were shocked by the Supreme Court's ruling against prayers in public school. The act struck close to home, as YAHOO, functioning at a state university, has made it a custom to open the first issue each year with a benediction (liberally quoting from the New Testament) asking guidance for our Freshmen. This custom, however, must now be abandoned in compliance with the Supreme Court Order. But we will not completely foresake our heritage. This blank space below is a moment of personal meditation for the incoming student.

\* \* \*

Mass motorists are salivating at the sight of their new red inspection stickers. The stickers must be printed in flavorful ink because, according to Charles Gotgart, "too-wet tongues are causing the ink to wash off." Now I wonder what part of the human anatomy affected our license plates?

\* \* \*

We hear that Christine Keeler will be publishing a new book soon — "Life Under the Conservatives". And speaking of Miss Keeler, her affair and the Great Train Robbery exhibit something about human nature. While everyone had his eyes on the girls, somebody made off with the money.

\* \* \*

At the time of President Kennedy's visit to Berlin a local radio news report had this comment to make, "Old-timers in Berlin acknowledged that it was the biggest gathering ever to greet a person since Hitler." Mr. Kennedy does indeed show promise!

\* \* \*

If you've noticed, the weather has started to turn a little colder lately, and the ducks down at the pond are pretty unhappy about it. But they're apparently a lot smarter than the students, because the ducks know where to fix the blame. That's why, as they walk around that cool pool, they keep calling "Machmer . . . Machmer . . . Machmer . . ."

\* \* \*

The administration has taken a hint from one of their clever contractors — students will soon be seeing the familiar "Be Careful Today" sign prominently placed in the President's garden.

\* \* \*

Recently, looking for a quiet spot to escape the masses (conventioners and students) in the Student Union, Yushnik happened into a men's room, and there, took a comfortable seat. However, a janitor was knocking within minutes to evict him, pointing to a sign under the toilet paper that reserved the cubicle for someone named Scott. The space situation in the Union is really growing critical.

\* \* \*

Yes, space is certainly not infinite on this campus. One Dean has been forced to take office space in Baker Dormitory; but as if that weren't bad enough, they are now threatening to triple him.

\* \* \*

There has been a sudden influx of foreign students to the campus this semester, which is probably one of the reasons for the crowded living conditions. The Administration, however, is doing its best, and has even developed a course which is made up of key phrases in Japanese, Nigerian, Korean, and Spanish. It will soon be offered under the title of "Foreign for English Speaking Students".

\* \* \*

We see where the Administration has put 47 freshmen in the middle floor of one of the married dorms. The walls and floors are paper-thin. What they don't know probably mystifies them.

\* \* \*

YAHOO is now in search of a good national magazine to parody for issue number two. Scanning the magazine racks has been a wonder. A local drug store was found to be keeping "Atlantic Monthly" with the comic books. But the editors still haven't gotten over the men's magazine they came across, entitled "Climax".

\* \* \*

Going to the Harvard game gave the Umies more than a chance to leave the farm and see the big city; it gave them a chuckle or two, as well. The following is the first paragraph of an article entitled "Redmen on Grid Warpath" by J. Chevalier, reproduced from the Harvard-UMass program:

The state university of Massachusetts is 100 years old this Fall, but football-wise it's like an adolescent giant who is just starting to feel those muscles ripple and bulge under his loin-cloth.

Comment? eds.

# GUESS WHAT YOU DID, GUTENBURG?

by MIKE GIROUARD

I've never thought of myself as being an excessively impatient person. Quite the contrary. I have always considered myself a monument to the virtues of tolerance and patient understanding. But if there is *anything* capable of raising my ire and ruffling my hackles (and if you've never had your hackles ruffled, let me tell you it can be hell, brother) it is the unbelievable gall which abounds in today's novelists and journalists. It really grabs me, boy. I refer specifically to the sneaky means to which they resort when peddling their often worthless wares.

If one were to search in the local library for a length of time, say ten or twelve seconds, one could find many book titles alone that would clearly illustrate my point. However, if you haven't the time to spare, I will avail

myself to reveal some of these typographical insults.

Let us consider Eugene Burdick's newest novel. One day, as my jaded young eyes were scanning the drugstore's bookracks, I was attracted to a paperback, the front of which, in large, white letters, screamed at the world, *Fail-Safe*. I immediately decided that the story was that of an illegitimate child. But after reading the first four chapters, harsh realization slowly dawned upon me. Said I, to myself, "If this kid's going to be born at all it's going to be a in a fall-out shelter." Oh indescribable frustration! Oh hell!

Another example might be the overly abused *Tropic of Cancer*. I, with obvious justification, expected a stirring novel that praised the accomplishments of Dr. Ronald Raven or

(Continued on Page 4)

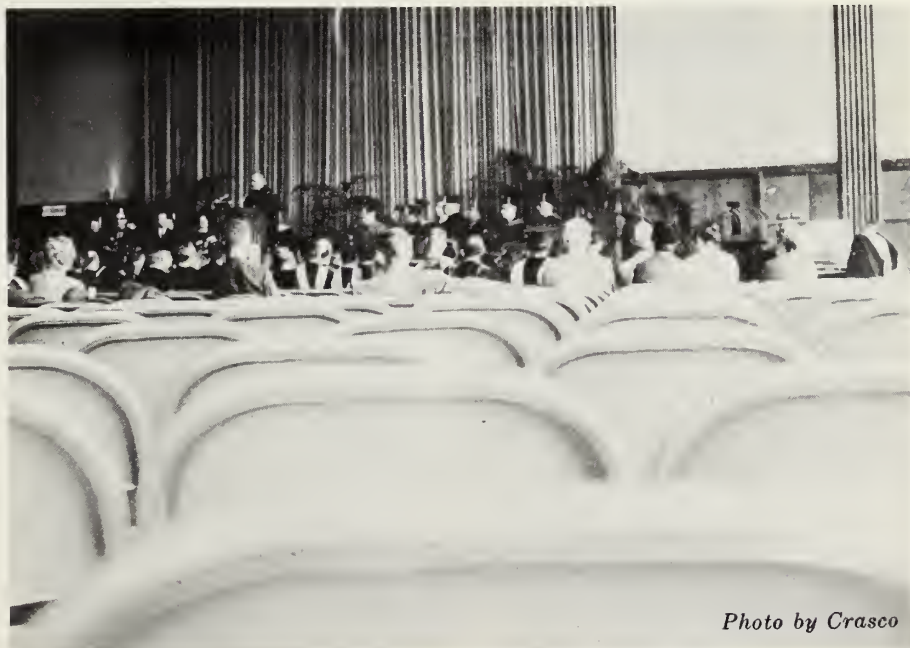


Photo by Crasco

The Subject Of My Convocation Talk Today Is Student Apathy

somesuch. Instead, I got a biology lesson which most erotic professors wouldn't dare present to their classes. (Needless to say, I am now constantly on the lookout for one of Henry's works.)

And let us not forget Rachael Carson's little opus, *Silent Spring*. With a title like that, you'd naturally expect her to conform to the spicy (but interesting) traditions set by such notables as *A Cold Wind in August*, *Under the Winter's Sun* and *The Long, Hot Summer*. Right? So it would seem. But not Rachael (whom I have now nicknamed "The Prude"). When I read the book I got only a large, soggy blob of infidel bull; a lot of mishmash about tribolites and amoebae. It was enough to make me reject my Bosco and borscht at supper.



Of course titles do not account for all the literary atrocities one encounters while browsing through a bookstore. The book jackets have always held unending fascination for me. They can be divided into three classes: (1) arty; (2) cartoon; and (3) actual-photograph.

The best example of the arty cover might be a book entitled *Top Gun*, on the stands not too long ago; the story of one of the West's most notorious gunmen. Surprised? At any rate, in the center of the cover stood the proverbial "bad guy"; but he wasn't stereotyped. Rather than the

legendary blue jeans and cow-skin vest, he wore clothes that were more likely tailored by Brooks Brothers. Clustered about him were eighteen or twenty nymphomaniacs, each dressed in less than you'd wear for a bath. In his right hand he held a gun as big as a howitzer. In his left, he brandished a bottle of red-eye hooch. And all this accompanied by the most satisfied expression you ever saw! Well, why not? With one-fourth of what he had I'd be ecstatic. . . . So much for the arty covers.

The cartoon jackets are more-or-less self explanatory. I remember seeing one cover that pictured Cupid and his mistress indulging in some sort of erotic cavorting that I didn't quite understand, *then*. (Maybe it wasn't Cupid and friend. It could have been Nixon and Rockefeller.) Anyway, it was a hell of a cover for a work entitled *The Basic Book of Mythology for Elementary School Students!*

The actual-photograph book covers can also be fun. Apparently they are restricted to books of biographical theme. The pictures, I suppose, establish an "earthy" relationship between you and the guy who paid some fifty-odd grand to have someone write about his dull life. I've seen such memorable pictures as Charlie DeGaulle picking his nose, Nikita Khrushchev presenting his five-year plan for the conservation of mouse droppings and chicken flickings, and Winston Churchill giving his famous "V for victory sign" (but forgetting his index finger). Fun!

Now you know why I took it upon myself to tell the public about these nasty practices. Whaddaya say, group? Down with books printed at Random—and elsewhere! Excelsior!

## Mathews SHOES of Amherst



## Glasses Fitted — to — ENHANCE your appearance



## Don Call's Optician

# Typical Letters To The Editor Department

YAHOO has been getting some interesting mail this year: a check from CAVALIER in payment for Herr Bertram's article (YAHOO, Homecoming '63) "Why Little Red Ridinghood Has Fleas in Her Beard", and for three jokes, all of which were reproduced in their Fall anthology of college humor. Also, two staffers are writing on the road — Helmut Ehrenspeck, last year's co-editor of the art staff, and Tom Hughes, roving dirty old man. Also (again), we get occasional letters that make the editor wish that all mailboxes were wired like Quebec's. We reproduce a bit of our correspondence below.

October 18, 1963

Dear Axel, and assorted Yahoos!

Greetings from München, Germany! By this time, all of you should have found your way back into the outhouse of education, busily shoveling into your notebooks the oral diarrhea that falls from the mouths of mentally constipated professors. But don't despair, Yahoos, for soon it will be your turn to let fall what may, into the eagerly waiting hands of the campus population!

Here at the Ludwig-Maximilian University, classes have as of yet, not started. The semester begins November 6th and therefore student publications have not started yet. Each political and social organization of students, on this campus

of 22,000, has its own weekly newspaper, each of these papers could make the *Collegian* look like a junior high school mag. (As we Yahoos all know, it looks like that anyway!) Each organization, be it Communists or Philathropists, thus has an uncensored opportunity to present its (often radical) views. I will be sending some of their cartoons, as soon as they start rolling. But at the moment? I can offer no typical student humor, except the following.

Out of curiosity I tried out some of the elephant jokes, so popular around UMass this spring, on the local population. To my great surprise I found that Germany had simultaneously developed a barrage of similar jokes: the elephant-mouse jokes. Psychologists on both sides of the ocean view these silly jokes as an attempt to escape from the all too mechanized, rational, and often humorless world of today. So here are a few of them:

An elephant and a mouse were playing football. At one point in the game, the elephant accidentally stepped on the mouse. The elephant, naturally, was terribly sorry for his clumsiness, and with great fervor, apologized. After a while, the mouse shrugged off his apologies, and said, "Aw, don't feel so bad about it . . . could've happened to me too."

\* \* \*

(Continued on Page 6)

①



"HAVE YOU EVER HAD ASTHMA, RHEUMATIC FEVER, HEART TROUBLE..."

"NO..."

②



"... APPENDICITIS, SEVERE HEADACHES, RUPTURE, NEURITIS..."

"NO..."

③



"... EPILEPSY..."

"NO... AGAAAAHH..."

One day the mouse and the elephant went swimming. As the elephant was swimming around, the mouse called to him from the shore, asking him to come out for a moment. When the elephant finally came out, the mouse contemplated him for a while and concluded, "No, I guess you're not wearing my swimming trunks."

\* \* \*

The mouse and elephant wanted to get married, so they went to apply for their wedding license. The official eyed them unbelievably and asked them, "Don't you think you might be a rather disproportionate couple?"

"We have to," replied the mouse.

\* \* \*

And now here are three quickies:

Question: "Why is an elephant gray?"

Answer: "So he can hide behind a mouse, in case of danger."

\* \* \*

Question: "What runs down a tree and is green, and when it runs up again, it's brown?"

Answer: "A squirrel that just took off his Loden coat."

\* \* \*

Question: "Why can't one milk a mouse?"

Answer: "Because one can't get a bucket under it."

\* \* \*

Thus you can see, humor in all its forms is international. It is interesting to note that most of the fads start in the U.S. First it was the Knock-knock, then the Swifties jokes, which are still lingering around, the "Mommy-mommy" series of sadistic and masochistic jokes, the elephant jokes, and now, I hear, the Pressies are supposed to be *the* thing.

When is the first *Yahoo* coming out? I'm eager to see what havoc you can wreak this year. Who are the editors? Who's doing the cartooning? I hope Abe is still Art Editor, and Sandy is also showing her talents.

So, *Yahoo* now will have more international air, if you "Editorial Note" the material has its own roving reporter, stationed in München, Germany, the beer capital of the world. Incidentally, if you're thinking of a Christmas orgy, the drinking age here is 16.

With *yahooish* greetings to you all,

Helmut

(Continued on Page 20)

EAT AT



Keito's  
OR ELSE!!

## STOCKBRIDGE MEN

WHY BE LONELY WHEN YOU TRAVEL?

CALL ON **HURTZ RENT-A-COW**

HURTZ can have a comfy cow waiting for you at any destination. Think of the solace you will find in those soft brown eyes staring up to greet you. There is a HURTZ agent near you . . . just consult your yellow pages and



LET HURTZ  
PUT YOU IN  
THE DROVER'S  
SEAT

# HAMLET: REVISITED

Since the discovery of the original handwritten script of Hamlet, many things have come to light. The most important of these is the knowledge that the oft-quoted "To be or not to be" speech is actually a commercial!

The original script reads as follows: (parenthesized comments added for the reader's convenience):

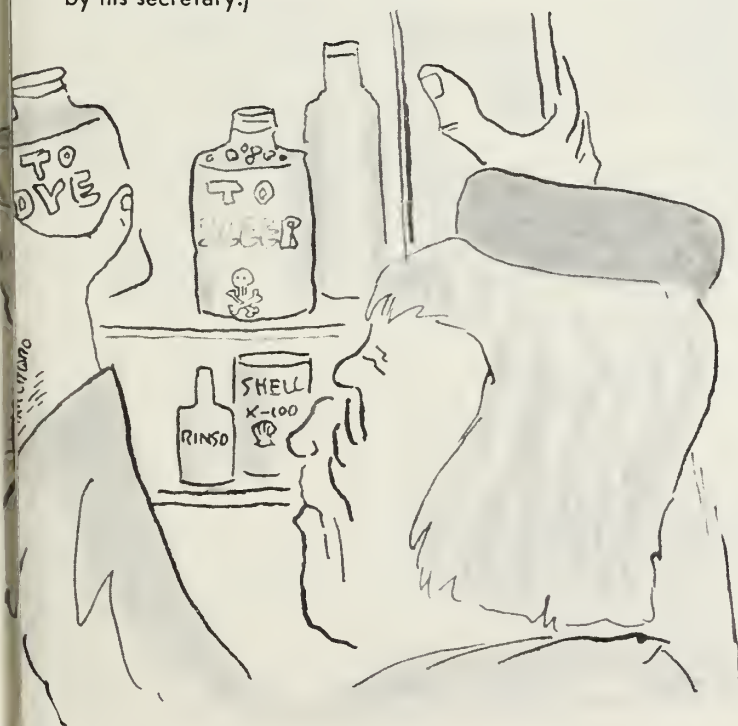
by GRACE CLARK

ILLUSTRATED by ROGER JONES

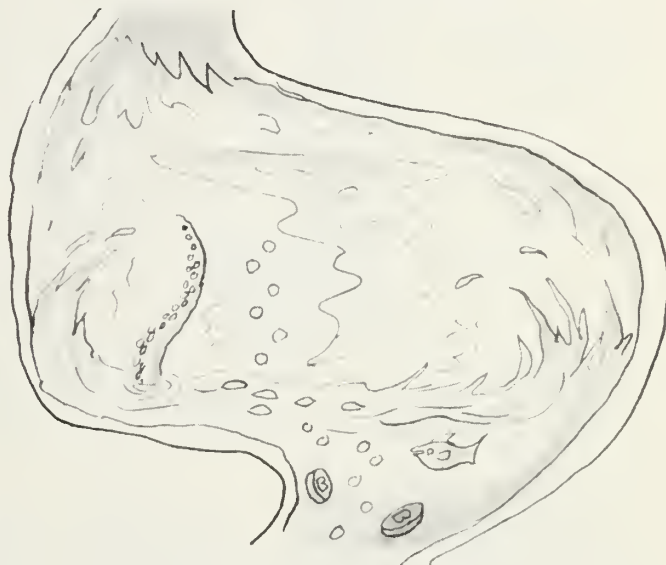


Act III — Scene I

Hamlet: To b or not to b (—"b" is an abbreviation for bed, used by Shakespeare and incorrectly recorded by his secretary.)



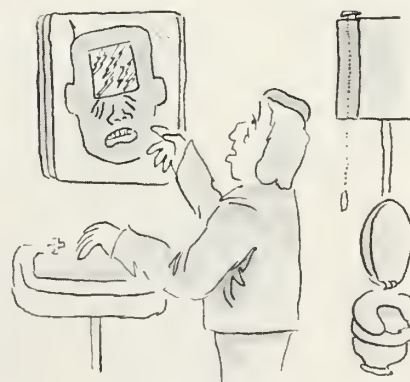
To Dye (Scholars used to think this was an Old English way of spelling "die".) To Sleep



Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing them. (These two lines are Shakespeare's way of saying: "Why trade a headache for an upset stomach?")



No more; ("no more" on the first shelf, that is.) and by a sleep to say we end.



The heartache and the thousand natural shocks (—heartache is the Old English for "heartburn".) that flesh is heir to;

Devoutly to be wished.



To Sleep, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub; (he finally finds what he was looking for — his rubbing alcohol.)



For in that sleep of death (he is "dead tired.") what dreams may come. When we have shuffled off this mortal coil (obviously moves off of broken spring.) Must give us pause; there's the respect (the thought of sleeping on a lumpy mattress.)



That makes calamity of so long life: For who would bear the whips and scorns of time. (9)



The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes.



When he himself might his quietus (rest; sleep.)  
With a Bayer Bodkin. (aspirin, naturally!)

# THE CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS

(or "A Slice of Life")

A play in one act by DBAxel

## Characters:

Two UMass students, clothed in Gordon Linen towels.

List Leeward, a sea captain.

The Scene: 6 A.M., Saturday mourning in the head.

## ACT I

First Student (scratching his left arm-pit): Yawn!

Second Student (scratching both arm-pits): Ya

F.Stu. (lifting an eyelid in face of the mirror): Damn these Saturday classes!

S.Stu. (still scratching): Ya

F.Stu. (washing his hands without soap): 7:00 classes are animal! I mean they're left over from the cow-college days. You know what I mean?

S.Stu. (rubbing his buttocks pensively): Ya

F.Stu. (splashing cold water on his forehead): It's all that IBM's fault, though. You know, some day all we're going to be is a number on a punch card.

S.Stu. (expanding his eye-slits to see clearly for a moment): Yach.

F.Stu. (brushes teeth, gargles loudly, spits several times, begins to shave): It wouldn't be so bad if they only had some decent profs here, but this is nothing but a diploma mill with a bunch of publish-or-perish researchers!

(S.Stu. stands, swaying, eyes closed, hands hanging loosely at his sides — no comment. Enter a sea captain with spyglass, dressed in the fashion of Horatio Hornblower — paces back and forth behind them.)

F.Stu. (shaving): There's that damn sea captain again.

S.Stu. (opening his eyes slightly): Did you say the class was over?

F.Stu. (pushing his nose back with his left thumb, shaving): I said there's that damn sea captain again.

(exit sea captain)

S.Stu. (eyes closing, scratching both arm-pits and chewing his words): Oh, I thought the lecture had gone too fast.

F.Stu. (bleeding): Damn it, I cut myself!

S.Stu. (stops scratching, eyes widening): I guess you could call that a slice of life . . . ha ha ha (continues to laugh).

(curtain)

— fini —

And now we'll hear from a new group on campus . . . The Dean Curtis Quartet singing "We Shall Overcome".

\* \* \*

If you drink a quart of milk every day for 1200 months you will be one hundred years old.

\* \* \*

"I like mathematics when it isn't over my head."

"That's the way I feel about pigeons."

\* \* \*

"Did anyone ever tell you that you have beautiful eyes?"

"Yes, but not when they were looking where you are."

\* \* \*

"Thish match won't light."

"Whasha matter wif it?"

"Dunno. Lit awright a minute ago."

\* \* \*

Hey, Caesar, how 'bout stopping for a bier before the Senate?

\* \* \*

There once was a man who lived so far in the future that he was always talking about the past.

\* \* \*

Read the ads, dammit!

We'll Fix  
YOU UP



Wellsworth  
Pharmacy

Specialty  
Shop



Oh, I SN'T THIS CUTE!

• GIFTS •

• NOVELTIES •

# THE REVOLUTION IN THOUGHT

by JOHN B. CHILDS

Dance and sing, we are eternal;  
Let us still be mad with drinking:  
'Tis a madness less infernal  
Than the madness caused by  
thinking.  
—*Song of Bacchantes and Satyrs*

Papa-T came rushing through the cubicle door waving a long black pistol. "They'll pay for it!" he announced with a certain degree of determination. "Every last one of them will pay for it."

So saying he cocked the pistol, aimed at the statue of The Thinker (in those days a statue of The Thinker was required, by government ordinance, in every cubicle) and fired. The bullet went through The Thinker's head, probably hitting his frontal lobes.

Waving the pistol for a few more minutes, Papa-T ran around the room swearing, then plopped down into the big leather chair which he loved so much. I turned off the screen which had been showing a program of the latest computer-music and gazed at Papa-T. He glanced back, an ox-like look on his face.

"Well," I said, "just what is the matter?"

Papa-T shook his head and his face got flustered again. "Nothing . . . I've just been released from my job as School Administrator for District #5." Papa-T stopped and looked at the hole in the head of The Thinker, then went on: "This morning an idiot, a golom-brained idiot from the Central Administration, came to

my office, to inform me that the thought quota for my district had not only failed to meet the new standards set last year, but had failed to meet even the old ones."

I smiled slightly. Poor Papa-T had never been able to grasp the mechanics of thought economics. He shook his large gray-haired head. "Can't they see what thought-increase does?"

This question aroused my interest, so I pressed for details. "Just what does thought-increase do?"

Papa-T glared at me and pounded his fist on the chairarm. "Dammit, I'll tell you what it does. The more people think in this society, the more they realize that there's less to think about. The government's forcing the people to think about thinking about nothing. I prefer to think less and thus think more about something, rather than think more and think . . . about nothing. The government has operated on the think-less principle for many years and has done all right by it."

I nodded my head, very impressed. Papa-T smiled. I could see his eyes blinking. In a second he was asleep. Excitement always tired him out. His thought



The Revolution cometh,  
The Revolution passeth away.  
Only Man, the Devil and  
God have the courage  
to stay.

stuck in my mind, however. His thinking about thinking about nothing seemed to have great significance. Over the following days a wave of determination built up within me. At last I decided to go over to the 1-A-56 Administrative Center of the 5th District of the 67th Division, Number 8 Province.

The monorail ran right by the cubicle complex so I was at the Administration Center in a few minutes. The huge building, erected in the shape of a giant "A" and known as the Big A, towered over me as I walked through the main doors to the registration office. In those days it was the law that all thoughts of a described degree of importance had to be registered with the government.

A small office bearing the name "Registration" was on the side of the main corridor. The door was open and I walked in. Standing behind a small desk was a small man, short but fat, with a balding head. He looked like a table lamp with eyes.

"I'd like to register a thought," I said.

He didn't look up, just said, "State your thought."

"My thought is that we think too much, and . . .," I began.

He cut me short with the terse statement, "Philosophical-thoughts must be registered two offices down in the thought-think office, only practical thoughts may be registered here. Next!"

The office of philosophical-thought was larger with a much bigger desk and a much bigger man. He had a flowing beard, homespun jacket and horn-rimmed glasses pushed up into unkempt hair, obviously a philosopher.

Once again I said, "I'd like to register a thought."

The man said nothing for a moment, then answered, "Oh."

Clearing my throat, I proceeded, "I think we think too much, and as a friend has pointed out to me, the more we think the less we have to think about. This is a threat to society."



The man stared for a long while at a small fly which had landed on the desk top; finally he smashed it flat, exclaiming, "Aha!" Smiling, he looked up at me. "This thought of yours is in conflict with government directives on thought-quota-increase according to the 50-year plan. Section K975-36 of the Penseroso Code states that any thinking contrary to the government's thought-directives, while not necessarily illegal, is certainly inconsequential and must be registered as simple-minded-thought, until such time as the government directives change

to be closed to that thought. I therefore declare your thought to be simple-minded. It will be registered as such. Good day."

I walked home feeling very depressed. A screen on the street corner blared out a commercial.

"Thinking feels good like a good thought should when you use L&M thoughts. Try an L&M thought. Appreciate less ridicule and more prestige. Our thoughts sound complicated but are simple to think. Impress your friends, out-think your enemies. Think an L&M."

A PRODUCT OF THE  
AMERICAN COMPUTER  
COMPANY.

Suddenly I felt like Papa-T. I tired of this thinking; think, think, more think, and even more think. God, how I wanted not to think. I felt like shooting the screen. Then there came to my mind another thought, far more dangerous. That, I guess, was the beginning of The Revolution. I went back to the cubicle and told my thought to Papa-T. His eyes glittered and for the first time since I had known him, he smiled. I talked about getting guns and organizing an underground.

Papa-T shook his head saying, "Guns solve only the gunmakers' problem, not ours. Now look, what's the government trying to do?"

It was a stock question; one you saw everyday on the screen. I gave the stock answer, "Increase thought-quotas."

Papa-T answered, "All right, the biggest jolt the government could get is a decrease in the thought-quota . . . no, not just a decrease, but an almost total stoppage of thought. We will do this, not with guns but with what they called in the old days . . . what was it? . . . non-violent action! Only in our case it will be 'non-violent-thinking'."

Over the next few months

(Continued on Page 22)



Very "in"  
Christmas  
Gift!

## BASS WEEJUNS

And most wanted, the year round!  
So easy to give, too, with a  
Bass Gift Certificate that assures  
personal choice and perfect fit at a  
convenient Weejun store.  
There's one near you!

AVAILABLE AT  
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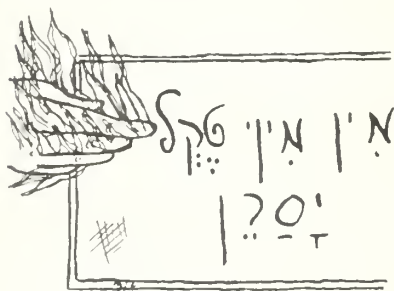
Reproduced from the *COLLEGIAN*, Wednesday, September 25, 1963:

To the Editor:

The *Collegian* is getting careless. I may be one thing to be understaffed and overworked, but to be so sloppy as to reverse the credit due two reporters is inexcusable. Though the titles and by-lines were correctly placed, the articles were switched. It seems parking is not all that merits a warning.

Susan '65

At least we sympathize with you, Susan. eds.



"WILL TONIGHT'S MYSTERY GUEST PLEASE SIGN IN?"

## Last Wills

by NANCY COLEMAN

Last wills and testaments are both fashionable and functional. Yushnik has recently researched and excerpted the wills of this year's more outstanding newsmakers:

EDDIE FISHER left LIZ TAYLOR; SYBIL BURTON left RICHARD; LIZ and RICHARD left together.

JOHN KENNEDY is not leaving the door open for BOBBY and TEDDY — at least, not yet.

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV and MAO TSE-TUNG seem to be leaving in opposite directions. However, is KHRUSHCHEV going around in a circle, just passing by the West on his way to Red China again?

FIDEL CASTRO does not seem to be leaving. No doubt, the



Communists have other plans for him.

ROSS BARNETT leaves to GEORGE WALLACE a dozen percale sheets and matching tailored pillowcases for evening dress occasions.

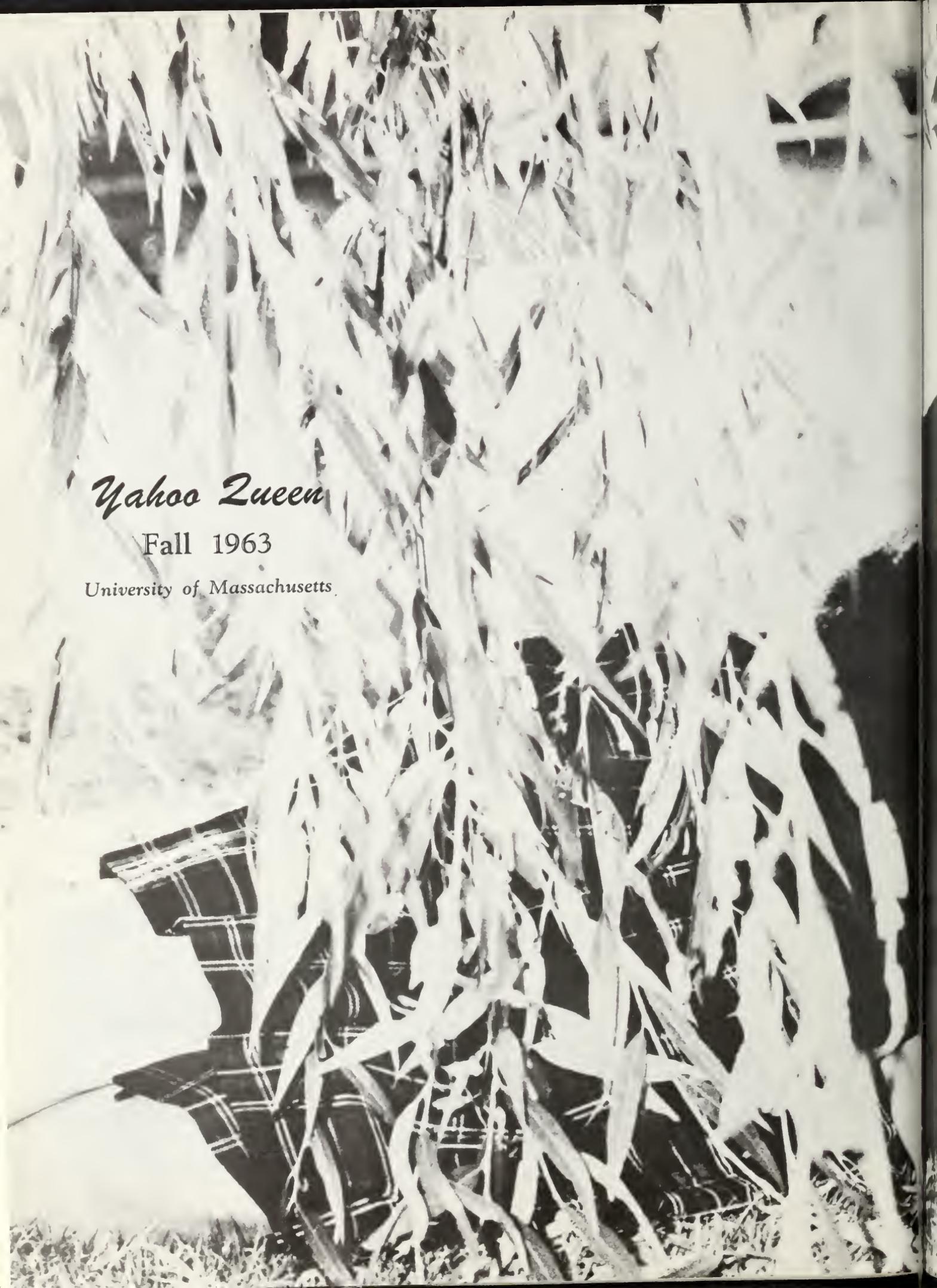
NELSON ROCKEFELLER does not leave BARRY GOLDWATER the Republican Party without a fight. STEPHEN WARD left.





*Winsome Sandy Jones, from Hudson, Massachusetts, is in her junior year at the University. A spanish major, five foot nine, blonde and blue-eyed. Sandy lives in Hamlin House and is a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma*





*Yahoo Queen*

Fall 1963

University of Massachusetts



# Moments With The Campus Jester

by YUSHNIK

Hello, there! Wade right in. Pull up a thistle and sit down. In what whey can I help you (chuckle)? Yes, I guess I am what you'd call the village idiot. Kinda always have been. Lucrative business being an idiot. (Have a morning-glory seed?) Yes, look at the typical college, frinstince. Behind all those creative and inspiring professors there is always some idiot getting a small fortune to tell them what to do. (They're really quite good, these seeds — whysterical blue!) Sure, and behind that idiot is some bigger idiot, telling him a thing or two. Of course at my level one only gets by, but you take a really high level — a president. Why, one fool word and he has it made. Here I have to talk my fool head off for my menials and all he has to do is step out for a moment and say boo — people laugh hysterically! And for that he gets paid. But this isn't what you came for, is it? (Care for a stuffed olive, maybe? They're quite inspiring. I always get brilliant ideas pitting myself against olives.) You're from the local press, aren't you?

That makes you something of an idiot yourself. Oh yes, devil's apprentice (chuckle), very clever. Well, I'll be damned; or maybe you first (chuckle). Well, to hell with my clever talk; what was it you sought? Aha-ahum, why boy, isn't the answer to that question rather obvious? All idiots must maintain only the most sincere smile at all times. It's part of the administrative code of conduct. You mean that's all I can do for you? You very little fool. Come here disturbing my thought. Leave me and never shadow my morning-glory smile again. You, you . . .

Two can live as cheaply as one . . . but only half as long.

\* \* \*

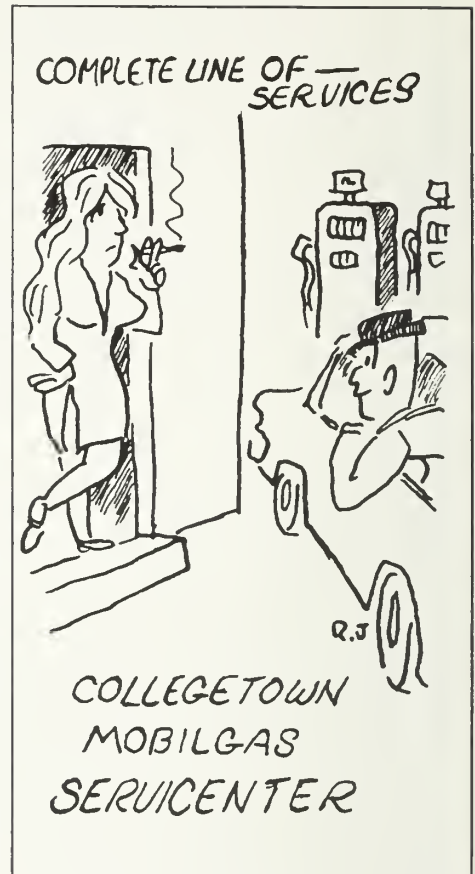
UMass students don't get a cultured education but they sure get a well fertilized one.

\* \* \*

You can't tell a lady by the way she dresses.

If she were really a lady she would have pulled down the blinds.

\* \* \*



I've never seen a purple cow, And I'm a purple bull.

\* \* \*

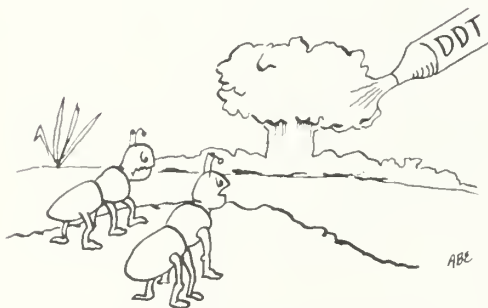
"Is that man rich?"

"Rich? Listen, he's got so much money he doesn't know his son is in college."

\* \* \*

Help put the "tra" in conception: BACK BIRTH CONTROL.

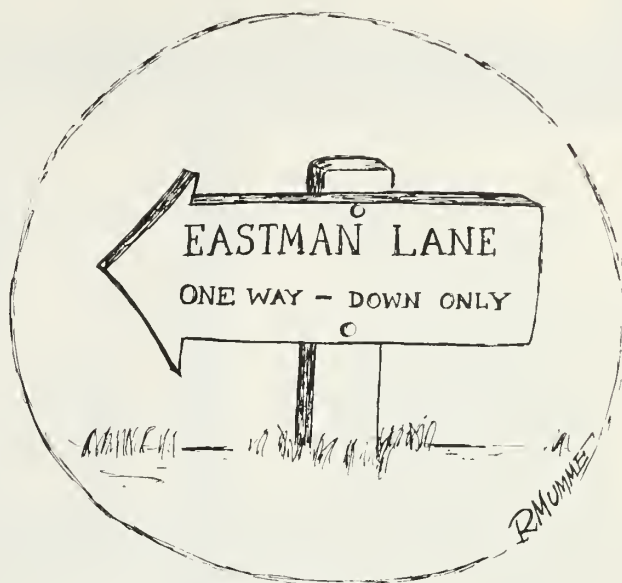
\* \* \*



It's The Fallout That Bugs Me.

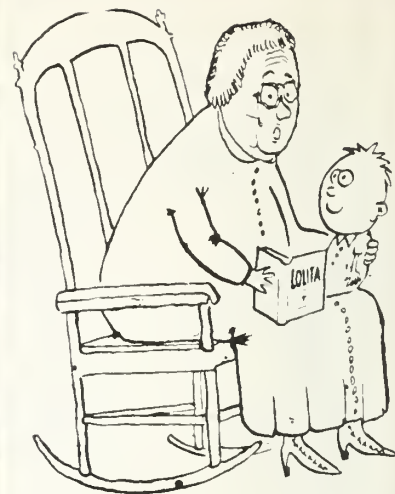


PAGE  
by MUMME



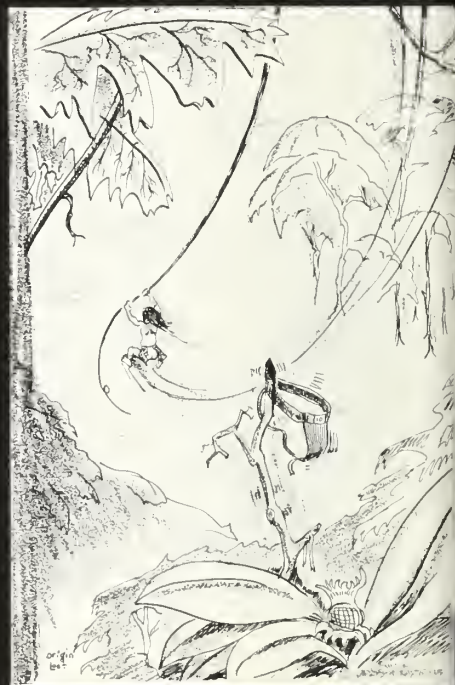
"no, Mother--you didn't hear me clearly. I said that I joined the  
Aspian Club. It's a theater group--no, they are not all 'that way'--  
 no,--it's th--th not l...l."

# PIRATED

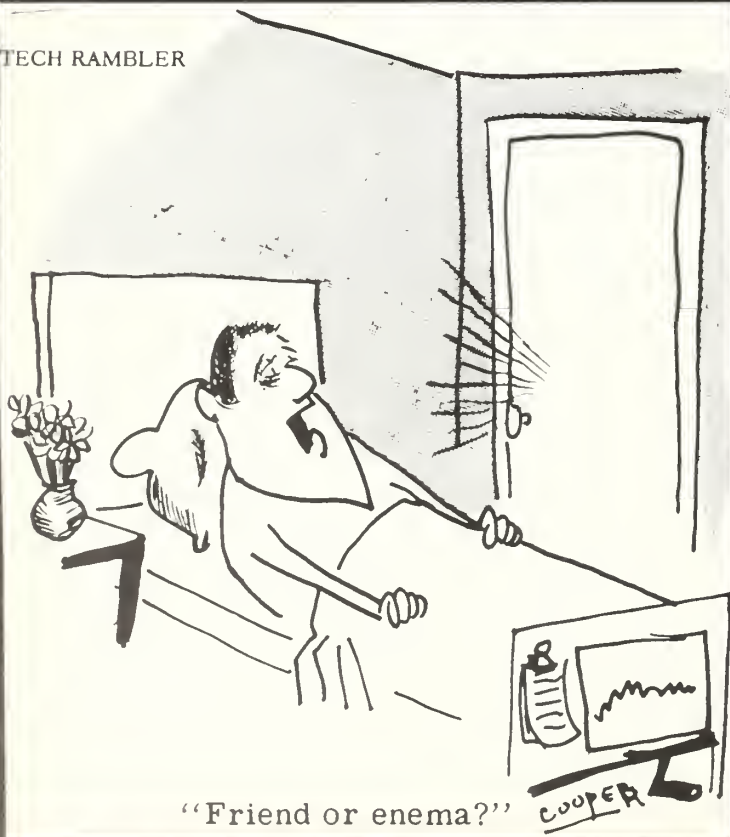


EL BURRO

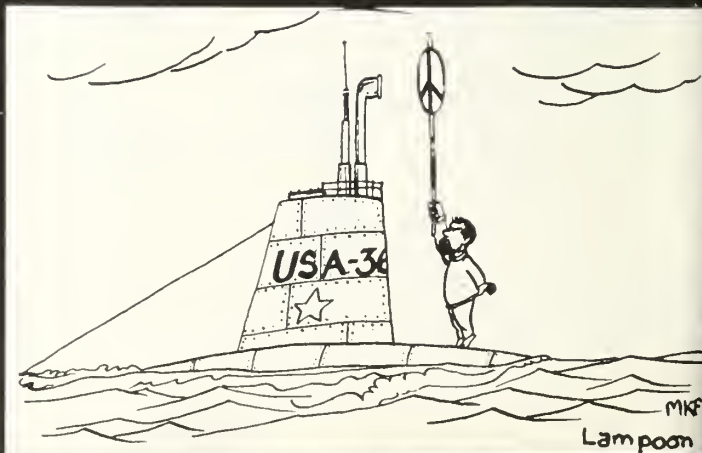
"Once there was a nice man who loved his little daughter very much . . ."

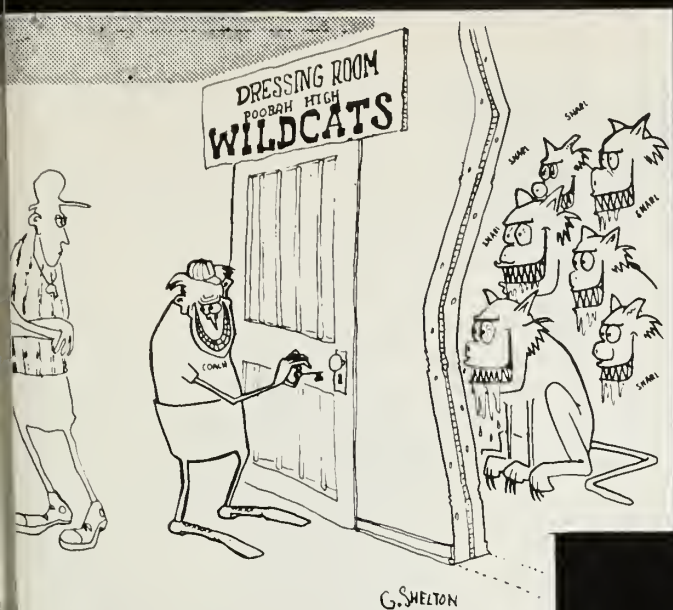


TECH RAMBLER



"Friend or enema?"





—Ranger



Profile

"Let's see Is that i before e except after c?"



Pelican



S. Collegian

HERB GREEN  
-S. H. W. ME



mahout

"I'm gonna turn over a new leaf!"

## LETTERS *continued*

September 24, 1969

Axelhammer,

Got big package of goodies just as me and the Bellingham Sports Car, Jazz, and Marijuana Club was taking off for a caravan to Westwood, B. C. races this here past weekend — and believe me, this may be my last letter to anybody. It rained like . . . fog and mist, etc., and now I have — Pneuma-psyche-monia. Needless to say, the group enjoyed YAHOO.

Man, you guys are naughty-naughty-raunchy-raunchy. You are my kind of people — so I'll be sending appropriate items. Your joke editors of the past are to be congratulated — I thought I had heard every one, but found YAHOOEY most refreshing on this score. It seems that you have a considerable degree of freedom above what is granted to other mags — in Massachusetts yet (at least this is the point of view of an apostate Southerner — Mobile, Ala-type — now living in the Jackson, Miss of the Northwest).

Anyway, gotta go, the fever tremors are coming uponst me — Water ! Water ! More specific comments on mag later. Good show, though.

Mother-Mumme

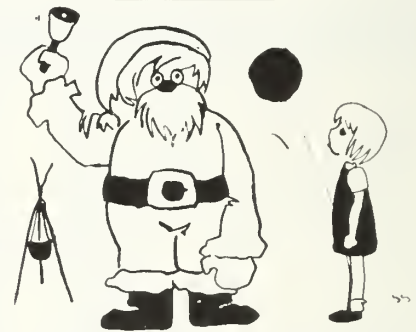
Postmarked 4 p.m., August 22nd,  
VERY IMPORTANT, EDITOR YAAHO

To whom it may concern;

The policy which governs the issuance of all going mail is here by ordered to be sped up to the rate which is approximately twice that of the norm to which we have become so accustomed to in our laxity. However if the present situation is not remedied in an amount of time which is suitable to all interested parties we will have to make the assumption that a more drastic action is deemed necessary in which case PLAN B shall be established that of taking over the only organization of our legally constituted government which in this case shall now be known as the federally operated United States Postal service and from the time Three days after the effective establishment of PLAN B shall be known as the ACE MOVING AND STORAGE COMPANY LIMITEDLY INCORPORATED by the members of our staff who are associated with the ineffectual services rendered by said staff in so far as they will no longer be considered for the pension plan exclusive of there right to work contract in so far as those who are only directly concerned shall they be involved to a degree made necessary because of the forementioned reason which are not now and

have not ever been tolerated because of the fact this is a progressive and widely integrated unit of operation which could be constroyed by our opposition as a monopolistic attempt to control the power designated by the higher echalon of said organization owing to the incompetence of said members who because of their lenth of service or connections at higher levels of said organization which is more commonly known as pull, we here and now suggest that this situation be remedied are either your or mine earliest convenience to facilitate the removal of all obstacles which would preclude this year from being one of the most successful in recent history of your fine efforts. Please disregard if not directly concerned. ric.

I am not responsible for unsolicited materials.



"Hey Mister, Are You A Folk Singer?"



"Do you get the feeling we're being watched?"



# HEY DUCK!

by ROGER JONES



"You haven't said anything in the past 10 minutes, Honey."

"I think it's time we got back . . ."



"Shameful!"



## REVOLUTION continued

Papa-T showed ability that I never knew he had. That old man went from person to person, debating, probing, pushing. Before a year was over we had a thousand hard-core followers of non-think. But, it was a year and a half later that the test of our strength came.

One hot summer day, 200 of us marched down to the front of the Big A. We bore placards announcing, "NON - THINK FOR ALL" and "DON'T THINK" and "DOWN WITH THOUGHT". The doors of the Big A opened and a division of police charged out. They began to hit us over the heads with clubs, screaming all the while, "Think . . . damnit, you fools, think!"

A policeman smashed me over the head and yelled, "You just better think, boy, if you know what's good for you!" He hit me again as if to doubly insure a thought, then went on to hit someone else.

The police move failed. None of us cracked, not a single thought was aroused. The strong-arm methods aroused public sympathy and our numbers increased until, from coast to coast, organized Non-Thinking stretched in awesome power.

All of this time I had been expecting arrest. It came, at last, on "Amoeba Day", a national holiday celebrating one of the first steps in what the government called the "ladder to thinking". I was resting in bed when the door burst open and six plainclothesmen scrambled into the room. One of them growled in a rapid-fire sentence, "All right boy, your fooling around is over, you'll spend the rest of your natural life in the cage for this. What do you think of that, wise guy?"

"Nothing," I replied.

The agent groaned and hauled me out of bed. They took me to the Big A, to the Department of Uncooperatives, for probable tortures. Contrary to what the plainclothes man had said, I spent only two months in confinement, for at the end of that time I was released by the National Non-thinking Revolutionary Forces.

The release came as a complete shock to me as I had no inkling that the non-thinking movement had mustered up enough strength to topple the government. The situation soon became clear, however.

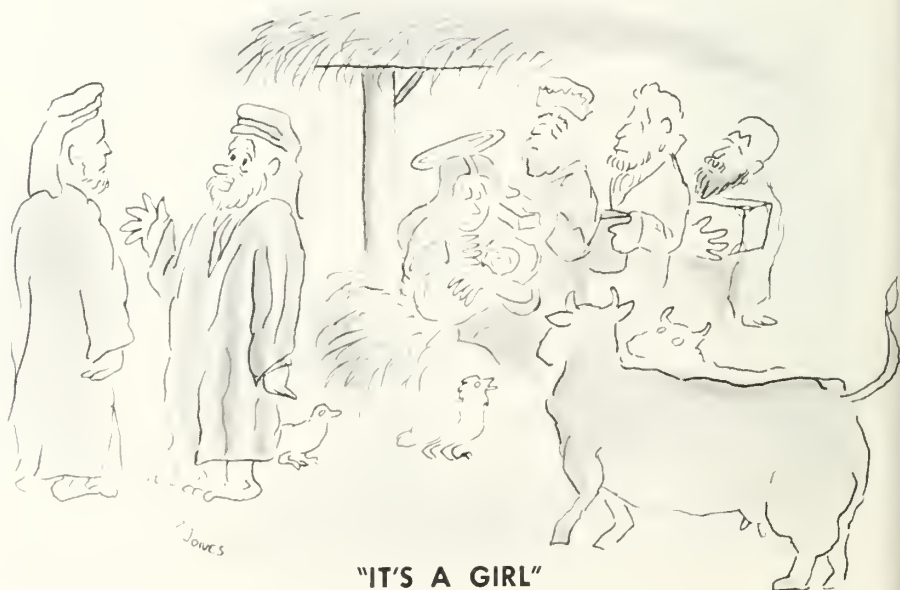
The heart of the government was its vast network of computers and the heart of this network was the huge 25-K computer located in the capital. Papa-T had decided that failure of this network would severely weaken the government.

Soon after my arrest special Non-Thinking agents located in the Central Administration offices began Papa-T's plan for "complete and total sterilization of computer electronics." Moving in subtle but rapid ways the agents began to "feed" the computers esoteric and utterly erot-

ic bits of information. Information such as "the sum of Platonic relationships is inversely proportional to operating functionalism of call-girl employment practices over a 100-year period," and "Rapidly rising horizontalism in God's head relationships among mortals."

The result of this effort was startling. The computer system continued to operate but progressed increasingly toward esoteric analyses coupled with erotic electronic overtones. The government detected no hint of foul-play since the human occupants of the administration relied explicitly on electronic analysis as the ultimate truth and thus conceived that the system was functioning correctly as long as it was functioning.

But they were wrong. Erotically aroused electronics engineers egged on by the computers deserted those very computers for amorous trysting with flower seller on street corners. The police system which based its communications and chain of command on the computers found itself entangled in electroneurotic Oedipus and Electra crimes of passion on the philosophical bent which defied



solution and jammed up their system.

Once satisfied that a harmonious rate of deterioration was eroding at the unsuspecting government Papa-T ordered seizure of local administration as well as regional administration districts. This was done by disguising commando non-thinking troops as mobile units of nomadic erotic and esoteric philosophers which were coming into vogue as a result of the computers. These mobile units were eagerly accepted into the homes of top administrators. Once this occurred, conquest was easy either through subtle conversion to non-thinking or the more straightforward method of assassination.

The result was startling. In a one-month period administrative districts up to the regional level were in the hands of non-thinkers, including my own district.

Papa-T, discerning the time as ripe for the final move, officially led a direct move on the capital with a force of tanks, planes, and troops taken from the lower administrative districts. The President was surprised at his dinner table as he ate roast squid from the Gulf of Mexico. As he stuffed a tentacle into his mouth the non-thinkers burst into the room and demanded his abdication. The President called for his administrative aids but they had been subdued. On that day, now known as the Day of The Squid, the President abdicated before the overwhelming superiority of non-thinking forces. A day later my release occurred.

It has been many years since the non-violent-think movement. Today I live in a well-supplied country home south of Nome near the big government thermofarms. Each month the gov-

ernment of the Second American Non-thinking Republic sends all I need to live. I am honored as a veteran of the old days but I am not happy.

Non-think, though officially the bulwark of the country, has long since passed away. In fact, it really lasted only a few days after the formation of the Second Republic. Papa-T, out of hiding, had assumed the office of Provisional President and I was in his Inner Committee. At once it had been apparent that Papa-T had changed. The general non-thinking attitude of the country had antagonized him as he attempted to put his programs into effect. He fumed and raged about "those fools who can't muster a thought". Of a very subtle nature he soon began to change the non-think movement until we have what we have today, a thinking non-thinking movement, though few people have really thought enough to realize that when they don't think they are really thinking.

I suppose that's the way it has to be. But it bothers me, it really does, to hear those commercials . . . they sound too damn familiar.

"Non-thinking feels good like a non-thought should when you use an L&M non-thought. Try one. Appreciate less ridicule and more prestige. Our non-thoughts sound like nothing but are quite complicated. Impress your friends, out-non-think your enemies. Non-think an L&M."

A PRODUCT OF THE  
AMERICAN COMPUTER  
COMPANY.

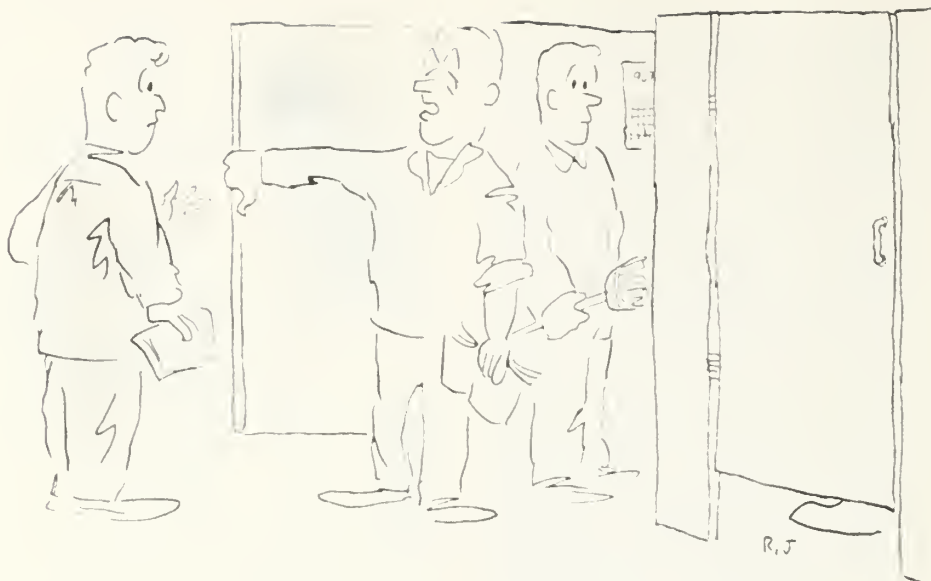
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and  
Wallpaper Co.,**



### "No This Ain't The John! It's A Triple . . ."

Adam and Eve were naming the animals.

Adam: "I think we should name this one a turtle."

Eve: "Why turtle?"

Adam: "Heaven knows, it's slow enough to be one."

\* \* \*

Spinsters are born, not made.

\* \* \*

"How can you keep eating at that dining hall?"

"Oh, it's easy. I just take a tablespoonful of Drano three times a day."

\* \* \*

Nurse: "Doctor, every time I bend over to listen to his heart, his pulse increases. What should I do?"

Doctor: "Button your collar."

\* \* \*

Some girls, like flowers, grow wild in the woods.

\* \* \*

"Hey, you guys cut out that swearing — I've got my girl in my room."

\* \* \*

"You can't beat the system," moaned the student, after he'd received his final semester grades. "I decided to take basket weaving for a gut course, but two Navahos enrolled, raised the curve, and I flunked."

\* \* \*

We point with pride to the purity of the white spaces between our jokes.

\* \* \*

If you find printing errors in this issue, be assured they are intentional. We put them there for the people who look for them.

\* \* \*

They got him for breaking into a woman's restroom — or something about a maiden head.

\* \* \*

When a professional folk singer is really tired he just doesn't give a hoot.

\* \* \*

Professor (rapping on desk): "Order!"

Student (from the back): "Schlitz!"

\* \* \*

Teddy: "Congratulate me, dear. I won the election."

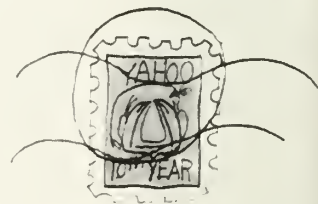
Wife: "Honestly!"

Teddy: "Why bring that up?"

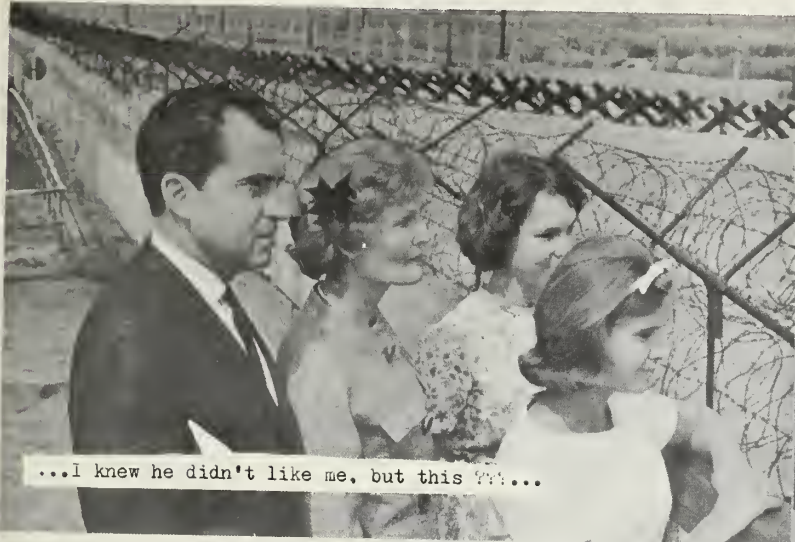
\* \* \*

When a girl says she's got a boyish figure, it's usually straight from the shoulder.

\* \* \*



*Whaler Stationery and  
Office Supply  
Northampton, Mass.*



...I knew he didn't like me, but this Yeh...

...O, I can't make it to the Lewman Club tonight.



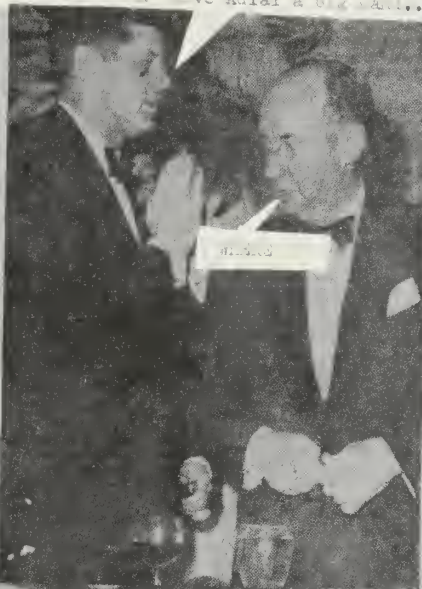
OH YEH?

...now let me say, is, I feel we

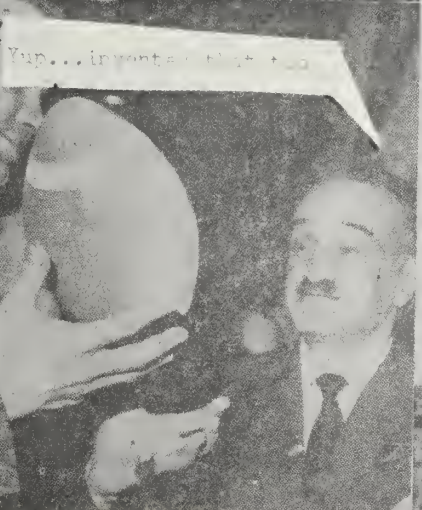
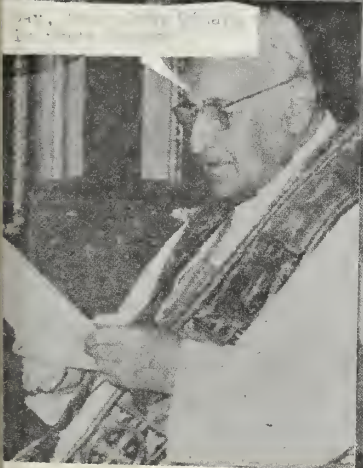
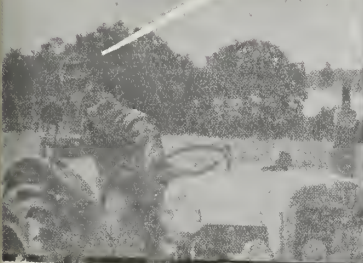
should - oh - give Adlai a big hand...



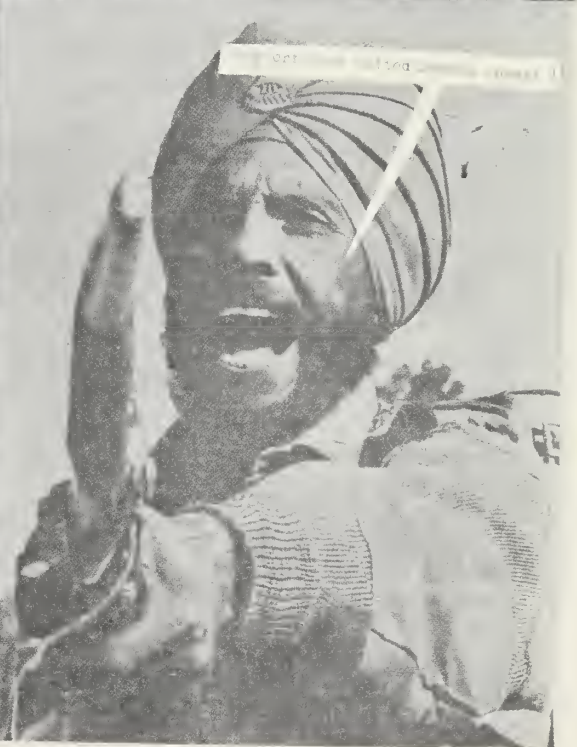
those damn MC boys again



Adlai



Yup...invented that too



port... tied...

# IT'S A SNAP: ANOTHER CARTOON FEATURE

by ROGER JONES



It all started with the little paper cellophane tabs on gum and cigarettes. By peeling these tabs, one could easily open the product.



And of course we are all familiar with another development . . . the way coffee or sardines are peeled to open.



We are all very familiar with a recent development, the beer can one can open by peeling a tab . . .



And the most recent development, a peel-off bottle cap.

Eventually this will lead to the ultimate . . .

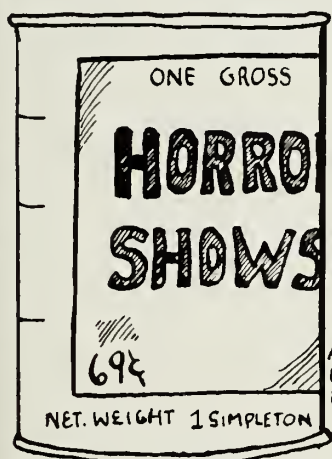
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*Knowles  
Flower Shop*



GROSSERIES



— AT —  
*Louis'  
Foods*

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City Hall





Im Jane Dough,  
and Im a  
umie....



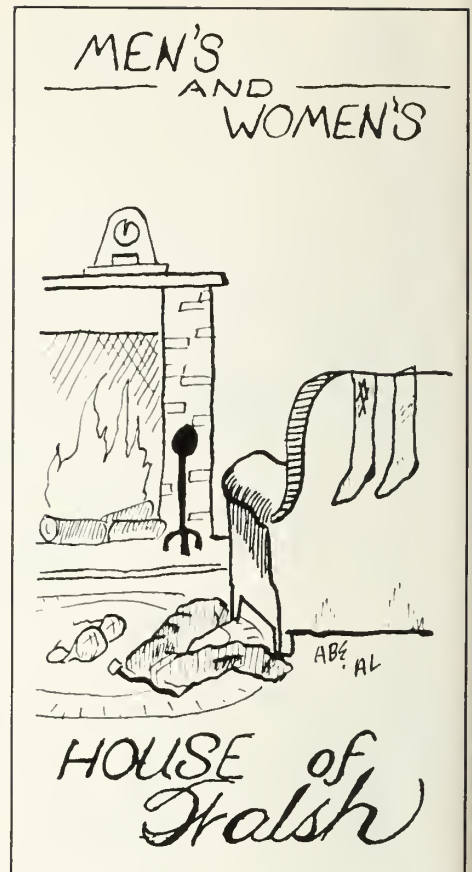
I simply love umass



....But that does not  
mean I blindly  
accept all that  
is taught me.



...Just last  
semester!  
read a book  
that wasn't  
required.



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